Panther

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13439940.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	James Bond (Craig Movies), Basic Instinct (Movies), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Le Chiffre/Adam Towers
Characters:	Le Chiffre, Adam Towers
Additional Tags:	Shifter AU, post-canon Adam, AU Le Chiffre, Bunny Adam, Panther Le Chiffre, fucking all night, Dominance, Porn With Plot, some plot?, Happy Ending, many happy endings, not bdsm - see notes, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 38 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Stats:	Published: 2018-01-21 Words: 7,020 Chapters: 1/1

Panther

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Dating app Wildr, holds many possibilities for rabbit-shifter Adam Towers, and he is definitely hoping to bite off more than he can chew.

Notes

NB: Domination in this doesn't refer to bdsm or D/s - it is part of the social and sexual dynamics of shifters in this AU.

Inspired by and in conjunction with the Hop and Howl Series by the amazing nightliferogue. I love the series so much and am so excited that Slashy agreed to let me write this new pairing in her AU!

- Inspired by Some Bunny Loves You by slashyrogue

They met on the dating app, Wildr

Adam hadn't been in New York very long and, though he wasn't having any problem picking up guys in clubs, they were never the guy for him.

He'd so far fucked a deer, a goat, a chicken and even a couple of bunnies like himself. But they just didn't scratch that itch.

Adam tried hard not to be one of those assholes on these apps that had unreasonable or even prejudiced preferences, but the fact was - as much as he tried to get it on with fellow herbivores - he longed for a carnivore in his bed.

And he really knew he shouldn't. Not after all that shit in London. He'd nearly died for a story and that had been enough for him to decide that it was time to make the move to New York as he had always wanted. But… not enough to put him off carnivores.

What he really wanted was one he could tame. One that would fuck him into the mattress and hold him down with teeth around his throat, bite and bruise him until he came practically from that alone… and then allow Adam to do the same in return. His cock ached even just thinking about it.

The problem was, the kind of carnivores interested in herbivores weren't what he wanted. He rejected over 80% of interest on Wildr because they wanted sweet little bunnies who submitted. Adam was all for that… as long as he got the same in return.

So this was going to be… interesting.

This was the first guy he'd met online who he thought might be just the right fit - but so far everyone had been all talk. A wolf, and a grizzly - both had been all dominance despite what they had said in private chats. When he'd gone to bed with them both had been great, until he had wanted to bite and manhandle them. Then they turned. The wolf had basically lost all interest - actually gone soft on him and said it really didn't do anything for him. He had at least been apologetic, like it was something he had wanted to try but it just wasn't going to happen.

The grizzly? Well, his neighbours had called the cops that time. Which was a shit show considering he had not long moved in and he really liked the apartment complex. He didn't want trouble at his door. But the grizzly was fairly sizeable and had - despite them having talked about it at length in a private chat - decided he took exception to being dominated by a bunny. It hadn't, thankfully, gotten physical. Though the guy had smashed his new coffee table, and there had been so much shouting that the neighbours had called the cops and he had been removed. Adam didn't press charges but it was a learning curve… that he likely was still not paying enough attention to.

So sitting in the bar, waiting for this mysterious panther, was a little nerve racking. Not so much that he expected more of the same, but that he just really wanted this to work out for once. He was so damn horny at this point and it was just cruel to leave a bunny as horny as this.

He knew very little about the man. His photo on the app was actually of his shifted self - a beautifully sleek panther - and information was bullet points. His Wildr name was MrNumber but that gave about as much away as Adam's handle - BunnyFuckT0y.

When Adam had contacted him they had exchanged short messages about preferences and such. And so far he was still interested, if a little business like. He hoped it wasn't going to be like the wolf all over and end in a damp squib.

Adam rapped his fingers on the bar and took a few more swallows of his pint. He had arrived early given that the guy knew what he looked like from the app but not vice versa. Hopefully he would spot Adam and not walk out. No, of course he wouldn't walk out - Adam knew he was pretty gorgeous. His looks were definitely not something about to put anybody off.

He checked his watch and saw he should expect the man any moment, and hoped he would be prompt - time wasters in any sense being another of Adam's pet peeves. The door opened and some obvious wolves walked in. Those *really* obvious ones where you could see it in their sense of dress and haircuts before you even scented them. Adam was about to turn away when a man followed in behind them. Dressed entirely in black. Black on black on black. Well, that was one way to commit to your inner shifter, Adam mused, able to scent the panther the moment the wolves moved to the bar.

The panther stopped and looked around the room until his predatory gaze fell upon Adam and he began forward. Adam shuddered under the man's intense eyes - one scarred but both bright and dangerous. He damn near came in his pants before MrNumber had even reached him.

Adam didn't attempt to look away as the man stepped to the bar, despite his herbie senses telling him he should cower, possibly run. He loved the zing it sent through his nerves.

"Adam." The man said, a statement not a question. Adam was thrown off for a moment but then remembered he had given his name in the private chat. His companion had not.

"Mr Number?" Adam's lips twitched into a grin.

"Le Chiffre." the man offered his name and his hand.

Adam shook it, enjoying the firmness in it, whilst wondering at how this name seemed as fake as his online handle. Interesting.

"Another drink?" Le Chiffre asked, releasing Adam's hand and indicating his drink.

Adam soaked up the rumbled accent and let it tingle down his every last nerve. Oh yeah, this was definitely going to be fun. "I'm good." Then he licked his lips, looked up at the man through half-lidded eyes and asked slowly - "Do *you* want a drink?"

Le Chiffre broke into a dark smile, shaded with an immediate lust that Adam wanted to know more about. “I think I’m good too.”

Adam smirked and grabbed his coat.

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Le Chiffre drove them to Adam’s apartment in a car that probably cost more than Adam had ever earned in his working life. It was fancy, sleek. Black, of course. The panthermobile - Adam noted in his head the moment he saw it. He could have happily fucked on the backseat - it certainly looked comfortable enough.

He almost said it out loud, but that could wait for another day - after he had discovered if this guy was too good to be true or not. In fact, the thought prompted him to ask -

“So… you’re ok with all this yeah?”

Le Chiffre glanced over at him before snapping his eyes back to the road, a faint quirk of his lips there. “Shall I assume that you are referring to my letting you dominate me?”

The words, crooned at him as they were, sent a shudder through Adam and his cock gave a twitch of agreement. He swallowed. “Yes. I mean… it’s, is it something you enjoy?” Adam prodded for further information, wanting to be sure they really were on the same page.

“I have never done this before.” Was the short, cool answer spoken to the road ahead of them.

“But… you’ve thought about it a long while and wanted to finally try it.” Adam assumed aloud.

“Not at all.” Another clipped answer.

Adam, unlike most herbivore shifters, apparently did not have that little bundle of smarts in his brain that told him when he ought to be scared. This would otherwise likely have been one of those times. Instead, he was a frustrating mixture of annoyed and aroused.

He huffed out a breath. “Look, don’t waste my time. I’m fed up of your carnies saying you’re interested and then-”

“I am interested.”

There was a confused silence for a moment.

“But you said-”

Le Chiffre looked over at him, a deep and lustful stare that was enough to stop him short. Le Chiffre turned back to the road before replying - “I liked your profile and I wanted you. I’m used to getting what I want. And sometimes that involves negotiations. I was, and still am, happy with your terms.”

Adam didn't know whether to laugh or blush or cum in his pants. He of course went to his automatic reaction of sassy. "Sounds like I'm a business deal."

"I find most things in life are business deals, even when they aren't. And especially sex, which agreeably is usually a deal struck to everyone's mutual satisfaction."

Adam blinked. They were only a few blocks from his place now, and he wasn't sure he had anything to add on the subject. So he didn't.

*

Le Chiffre looked around with interest as Adam let him into his apartment, and Adam wondered what he must think of it. It was one of those sort of New York apartments you never saw in the movies and sitcoms. Not some converted historic building or ultra modern sleek block. It wasn't a hovel or a palace. It was one bed, spacious, and nondescript with recycled furniture and as many books as Adam had been able to amass since he'd moved from London. Furniture was minimal and Adam's dislike for things of no practical value was well reflected.

Adam knew it wasn't much, especially - he guessed - to someone as seemingly well off as Le Chiffre. But it was nicer than the shithole he'd had in London, and reasonably priced for the area. And also he gave exactly zero fucks what anyone else thought about it.

"Shall we go to the bedroom?" Adam asked as soon as he closed the front door behind them.

Le Chiffre turned to face him and quirked a brow. "You move very fast. Is that true of all bunnies?" His lips twitched into what, on his beautifully angular face, might have been a smirk.

Adam shrugged. "I want you, don't see a need to wait." he grinned at turning some of Le Chiffre's earlier words back on him.

Le Chiffre moved so quickly even Adam's bunny senses didn't kick in before a tight hand encircled his wrist. He was pulled sharply forward so that he fell into Le Chiffre's embrace. One hand came up to his throat, smoothing back the collar as it snaked to the back of his neck. And then there were sharp teeth at his throat.

He moaned before he could even help it, and that drew a chuckle from Le Chiffre that seemed decidedly smug.

Why didn't more herbies do this? It could be such a taboo for them to have any sort of intimacy with the other - like carnivores couldn't be trusted, or that herbivores would never satisfy. It was, Adam knew from experience, all total bollocks. And he was thrilled to be the one to give Le Chiffre that revelation.

"Is this what you want bunny?" The panther's accent was thick with lust as he nuzzled and nipped at Adam. "You want to feel like I could tear your throat out at any moment? And you want to do the same to me?"

Adam whimpered and his hips gave an involuntary thrust - resulting in the discovery that Le Chiffre was as rock hard as he was.

“Yes.” He replied, breathlessly.

Le Chiffre released him and took a step back. For a moment Adam thought this was it, another last minute mind changer. But instead Le Chiffre used the space to remove his jacket and begin to take off his tie and shirt - his hungry eyes not leaving Adam’s.

After a moment Adam took the cue, opening a few buttons before pulling both his shirt and t-shirt off over his head. He heard a little growl escape from Le Chiffre as he then worked open his belt and fly. Le Chiffre was down to his trousers too before Adam grabbed his hand and dragged him down the small corridor to the bedroom.

Le Chiffre chuckled again.

“You really are an eager little bunny!”

“You’re not wrong.” Adam replied, an edge of something harsh in his words. A need in him that was almost angry with frustration. This was what he wanted, what he liked, and it was so hard to come by. He wasn’t going to waste a bloody minute!

When he got Le Chiffre into the equally sparse but lived in bedroom, his hands went to the panther’s belt, giving him room to kick off his shoes whilst Adam undid his trousers. He grabbed trousers and underwear together as he sank to his knees, pulling them down until they pooled at Le Chiffre’s ankles.

“Mmm, very nice.” He muttered, Le Chiffre’s cock twitching at the feel of the words puffed against him. Adam took him into his mouth before any response could be had. Le Chiffre hissed at the sudden attention to his sensitive cockhead, as Adam sucked on it and tongued at his slit. A minute of that had the panther emitting some guttural noises from deep in his throat - the sounds of his shifted self. A carnivore, a predator. One that Adam would shortly dominate.

His cock throbbed and he had to pull back. He looked up at Le Chiffre, whose hand came down to finger through Adam’s hair. “I can cum a lot… I mean, I’m a bunny. I can fuck all night. I’ll cum and get hard again pretty quick. How does it… how do you work?”

“Never been with a big cat before?” Le Chiffre asked.

“I have, I just didn’t want to assume you were all the same.” Adam moved forward slightly so that Le Chiffre’s cock was now resting against his cheek, as he looked up with his big bunny eyes. Ready to be educated and make the man feel like the big cat he was.

“More or less. I cannot speak for others, but my penile spines are barely pronounced in human form. Certainly not enough to cause any discomfort. However, I do have the constitution of my shifted self - if my body responds to what it feels is an opportunity to breed, I am able to copulate over the course of a day at reasonably frequent rate-”

“I guess, what you’re saying is that you can fuck all night too.” Adam clarified with a smirk.

“I can fuck all night.” Le Chiffre confirmed.

“Ok, well… Let’s test that, shall we?” Adam teased as he got to his feet, one finger trailing up the underside of Le Chiffre’s cock until it flicked off the end and left the member bouncing.

Le Chiffre’s chest rose and fell deeply and his gaze was hard and hungry.

“You really aren’t very submissive.” Le Chiffre seemed at least half amused and Adam couldn’t take it as a criticism.

Adam laughed. “I don’t know many herbies that are, no matter what society might say… maybe we just be what we’re told we should be? But…” Adam licked his lips, aware of the deal they had struck. “I can be submissive. For you.” He said the last over his shoulder, coyly, whilst looking at Le Chiffre with wide eyes. He was very good at acting the part, especially if he was going to get something out of it. “How do you want me?”

He shucked off his trousers at the edge of the bed and kicked off his shoes before crawling up onto the firm mattress. He lay on his front and looked back again, concentrating on shifting just right. Le Chiffre’s eyes moved slowly from his to the puffy tail he was sprouting. He panted a little as it finally completed its emergence. Partial shifting took a little effort at times, like when you were so horny you could barely focus.

From the look in Le Chiffre’s eyes, it was appreciated. Adam chuckled.

Some people could be weird about being at all shifted during sex - some felt it taboo - especially if not sleeping with someone who shifted to the same species. In truth, fully shifted sex was not even remotely possible with a lot of people - there was sure as hell no way his bunny hole was going to get fucked by that panther’s barbed cock. So being partially shifted was always one of those interesting explorations without anatomical differences being an issue.

Tail fluffy and full, Adam slid back on his knees until his ass was high in the air - ready and waiting.
He didn’t say anything, no sassy taunt - just continued to look back at Le Chiffre, as demure as possible, whilst nibbling at his lower lip.

Le Chiffre stepped out of his trousers and Adam felt the bed dip a moment before a hand ran up the curve of his ass and then took his tail in hand, giving it a short, sharp tug. He grunted out the pleasure of it and felt as much as heard the responding rumble in Le Chiffre’s chest. This was going to be fun.

*

Le Chiffre had taken painfully slow care in stretching Adam with his fingers before finally fucking him hard and rough from behind. The first time Adam came it was as Le Chiffre hammered against his prostate. The second was when he was flipped onto his back and Le

Chiffre pressed his teeth against his throat whilst he continued to pound into him and then spill inside with a low growl.

All in all, it was a great way to start the evening.

By the third round of increasingly rough sex - as though Le Chiffre was pushing to see what Adam could take (which was a damn lot) - they stopped and grabbed some water. Whilst they stood naked in the kitchen-diner of the small apartment, Le Chiffre pressed against his back and nuzzled behind his ear.

“I like how tactile you are.” Adam admitted as he pushed back against the him.

“Herbivores like to be petted.” Le Chiffre replied matter of factly.

Adam couldn’t disagree on the whole, even if it did sound a little patronising, he was just happy to enjoy the attention. Especially when Le Chiffre moved back a little so that he could stroke and fondle Adam’s still present cottontail.

“Are you going to shift a little?” Adam asked as he turned in the man’s arms - liking that the hand still remained on his tail and only served to help the man press their groins together. “You can if you like, I don’t mind.”

Le Chiffre looked like he wanted to fully shift there and then, but instead he shook his head. “It’s often all or nothing. Partial shifting is hard for me to control, too dangerous.”

Adam shuddered against him and Le Chiffre chuckled. “I don’t mind dangerous.”

“You will, when I bite a little too hard, or my penile spines extend whilst I’m fucking you.”

Adam let out a little laugh. “Yeah, I guess that wouldn’t be too much fun… tonight anyway.” He felt Le Chiffre’s cock twitch against him and smirked, picking up his glass of water from the counter and sauntering back to the bedroom.

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When they got back to the bed Adam lay on his back and reached up for Le Chiffre, unsure what to expect - a return to their rampant fucking, or some more petting.

He was a little surprised but more than happy when Le Chiffre lowered himself to him and kissed him. Deep and slow, as their tongues carrassed each other. They hadn’t kissed to this point and Adam had taken it as a preference - something he had encountered in the past with casual hookups. Some people just didn’t like to kiss hookups.

He let Le Chiffre fuck him again then, long and slow as their kisses continued in the same manner. Not rough at all and actually the reprieve Adam didn’t know he, and his ass, needed. It was actually nice - really nice - to have his lips made swollen with kisses and nips, and a nipple lightly pinched as gently rocking thrusts brought him intoxicatingly slowly to climax.

With his legs wrapped around Le Chiffre’s waist, Adam felt his orgasm crest and tighten his whole body. It was only moments later that Le Chiffre clamped his teeth a little bit tighter to

his neck and thrust through his own climax.

After, Le Chiffre collapsed onto him, as they breathed heavily together, hands still softly stroking any flesh they found.

“So…” Adam spoke once the hazey buzz of the intense orgasm started to lift. “Is this the point where you would usually leave?”

Le Chiffre pulled back and looked down at him, stroking some errant damp curls from his face. He shook his head. “No, usually I don’t stay for this bit.”

“The snuggling?” Adam chuckled.

“The kissing.” Le Chiffre replied before pulling his softening cock from Adam and moving off the bed and towards the bathroom. Adam felt the cum leak from him and down onto his cottontail - a point at which he’d suggest the other person fuck off so he can shower.

Instead Adam frowned thoughtfully as his tail fur matted with stickiness. Did Le Chiffre mean that he usually just had a few rounds of rough sex and then left? That he didn’t usually kiss someone like that and certainly didn’t fuck them gently in the mattress? Adam wasn’t sure whether to be more bothered by that, or the fact that it made him think about how he never usually allowed slow gentle sex like that either. Or how much he had liked it.

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When Le Chiffre returned from the bathroom he had in his hand a damp flannel. He looked at first as though he was going to hand it to Adam, but then caught sight of the naked bunny’s messy tail and something flashed in his eyes. He silently moved back onto the bed, between Adam’s legs, lifting them onto his shoulders but leaving enough room so that he could clean Adam’s tail with the washcloth. Adam felt himself getting hard again as the moist fabric swiped over his tender hole.

When Le Chiffre was done cleaning the cum from his ass and tail, he dropped the flannel over the side of the bed and lowered Adam’s legs as he scooted down the bed. Before he knew it, the flannel had been replaced by Le Chiffre’s tongue.

They still hadn’t spoken a word, but now Adam was a writhing, panting mess as Le Chiffre rimmed him so very delicately.

Adam was getting close to cumming from the sensation alone - every abused nerve ending zinging and turning his body into a livewire. But then Le Chiffre pulled back. His eyes were closed and he seemed to be concentrating on something. Adam should have been curious, but was too focused on taking the chance to really study the man’s face - the curve of his lips, the rise of his cheekbones, the scar that ran over and through his eye. Adam wanted to ask how he got it, but was actually terrified the response would be a little mundane and ruin his fantastical image of the man. He wanted to believe it was won in a fight to the death when he fucked the man and dominated him.

Le Chiffre's eyes snapped open and tremor of terrified excitement washed over Adam - they were panther eyes, sharp and deadly. Le Chiffre lowered himself again, nuzzling noticeably sharper teeth at Adam's tail, nipping at the flesh within the fluffball.

And then Le Chiffre pressed his tongue to Adam once more.

"Holy fuck!" He near levitated off the bed as he arched involuntarily.

Le Chiffre didn't stop or acknowledge his reaction in anyway, just continued to lick with his panther tongue. It was long, wide and rough, and Adam thought he might at any moment have an out of body experience. And then the kitten licks turned to long slow laps at his hole and Adam whimpered. His cock ached painfully and he could feel his balls tightening with every pass.

He wanted to grab his cock, even if to try and stave off the inevitable, but he knew any little touch would end this. It crossed his mind what Le Chiffre had said earlier, and wondered if any wrong or sudden move might lose his focus. What if he lost control and fully shifted? Would he rip Adam apart? He had no idea of the temperment of this man's shifted self. And whilst he knew that this was exactly the reason people shouldn't do things like this - he equally knew it was the reason why he did. Just thinking about the danger he could be in and him whimpering all the more and willing himself not to cum yet.

Then Le Chiffre's tongue pressed inside him, making lapping motions as it stretched long and glanced over his prostate.

Adam came with a scream. Unable to hold it off, unable to stop his body from shuddering at the intensity as his own cum splattered up his body. He trembled as Le Chiffre's tongue continued to massage him gently from within as his climax shook him. By the time he removed his tongue, Adam was on the edge of passing out, and when Le Chiffre moved up to put his tongue to use cleaning up Adam's cock and chest, Adam fainted.

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When Adam came to, he was under the blankets and snuggled into the pillow. The minutes before he blacked out came back to him and he felt like an idiot for passing out, but at the same time was sort of thrilled to have been fucked by someone who brought him enough pleasure to make him lose consciousness.

He sat up and looked around. No sign of the panther.

"So much for fucking all night." Adam mumbled angrily as he threw off the blankets and went to the bathroom. When he'd finished in there he went through to the kitchen to find a snack - he had worked up an appetite and his stomach now felt pretty empty.

"There's a sandwich on the counter for you." Le Chiffre's voice from the sofa startled him. Adam looked over and saw the naked man sitting, cross-legged, on the sofa thumbing through a book. He could see an empty side plate on the arm of the sofa and then looked over to see his own waiting sandwich on the counter.

“I was hungry. I assumed you likely would be to.” Le Chiffre said, clearly not in any way meant as an apology for having helped himself without asking.

“You like to take what you want.” Adam shrugged.

Le Chiffre looked up at him then, his eyes cold and hard for a moment. Adam reflected once more on how dangerous this was. He had picked up all kinds of carnies before and they were all, by nature, somewhat dangerous. But this guy was something else. Adam had no doubt that Le Chiffre was just as dangerous when not shifted as he was as a panther.

Le Chiffre patted the sofa next to him and Adam went, grabbing his sandwich on the way. When he got there Le Chiffre pulled him down to sit in his lap, one hand immediately on Adam’s tail, petting it fondly. Adam knew if he were a cat he’d be purring, but felt the need to remain as stoic as possible.

He had no idea what the fuck this guy was doing - the whys or the hows - but he was making Adam slowly come undone and he liked it. Maybe all the more for the fact that he knew soon the tables would turn.

Le Chiffre resumed reading and Adam ate, both content in their silence as they sat naked against each other.

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They had gotten to Adam’s flat a little before ten, and now it was almost three in the morning, but it felt like the night was still young.

Adam hopped up from Le Chiffre’s lap and turned to look down at him.

“Well, as you’re still here I’m guessing you’re going to keep up your end of the deal.” Adam’s smile was one of satisfaction and eagerness.

“So to speak.” Le Chiffre replied, his tongue poking out and swiping his lips - tweaked as they were at his own little joke.
Adam set his plate on top of Le Chiffre’s and held out a hand to pull the man to his feet. They were almost of a height - Adam fractionally shorter. Their differences in build spoke of the shifted forms.

“Do you want to fuck me Adam?” Le Chiffre asked in that weird way he had of making it seem like he was kind of amused by it, though Adam was sure he wasn’t being laughed at.

“Is that how you see dominance? That to dominate you I have to fuck you?” Adam asked, genuinely interested. He’d rarely got this far with a carnie before so the perspective was a good one to note.

Le Chiffre did smirk at that. “No, I suppose not. But I would like you to fuck me.”

Adam shuddered out a breath.

Le Chiffre grinned all the more as he pulled the bunny to him, nipping at his lower lip before kissing him roughly. They were both hard against each other within moments and Adam rasped - “bedroom.”

When they got there Adam grabbed the lube from the side table with a shaky hand. He hadn’t intended to top the man. He enjoyed it but preferred someone else to do the topping… usually.

The moment Le Chiffre had asked, Adam flipped. In every possible way. Sure he didn’t consider it to be a factor in dominating someone, but the idea of being inside Le Chiffre whilst he bit him, to feel how that might affect the man… He shuddered again.

Le Chiffre moved himself onto the bed in the same position Adam first had, on all fours - looking over his shoulder and waiting. His look was far from coy, as Adam’s had been. It seemed more of a dare or challenge and something in that made Adam’s blood run hot.

He moved quickly forward and pressed two lubed fingers to Le Chiffre, making the man’s breath stall as he possibly feared for something more intrusive. But then Adam stilled before slowly massaging the man’s tight hole. When he finally felt Le Chiffre relaxing, he pushed one finger in slowly, and hesitated only a moment when the man hissed.

He had a lot of practice stretching himself, but it wasn’t often that he had prepared anyone else - he didn’t want there to be any discomfort… unless…

“More. I want to feel it.”

Yup, Le Chiffre definitely struck him as someone who enjoyed pain, and if he wanted it that rough, who was Adam to deny him? Even so, Adam added a little more lube before he pushed the finger all the way in, back out and then added a second. He felt Le Chiffre clench around him even as he groaned and shuddered, his own cock already painfully hard.

He stretched him open thoroughly, if quickly, until Le Chiffre was shaking and panting. Every nerve in Adam’s body felt like it was on fire as he worked Le Chiffre into a total mess.

“I won’t last long.” Adam warned as he moved behind Le Chiffre, lining up and thrusting in before he responded. He did respond then though, crying out and asking for more. Adam tried to go slow, tried to deny the reason that he rarely topped - likely why a lot of bunnies likely felt the same.... Because then he lost control of his hips, feeling his cottontail bobbing with the motion as he started to jackhammer into Le Chiffre. He clutched at the man with one hand and pushed him down to the bed with the other hand between his shoulder blades.

The dominance he felt wasn’t inherent to the sexual position, but to the surrender he felt from Le Chiffre. He went pliant - physically submissive under Adam’s hands - allowing himself to be handled and dominated. Adam leaned in and started to mouth at Le Chiffre’s back, working his way up until he was nipping at the man’s shoulders. Le Chiffre made little whimpering noises and shuddered at each bite whilst Adam’s hips continued to thrust rampantly as though working under their own power.

It was a punishing pace and he could feel the sweat breaking out all over Le Chiffre's skin, the clench of his asshole around him at the pounding it was taking.

"Fuck… I'm gonna…" Adam grunted as he mouthed at the bitemarks he had left. He came suddenly, feeling the pleasure wash over his body until he was shaking with each pulse that spilled into Le Chiffre.

Le Chiffre cried out when Adam suddenly pulled out of him and pushed him so that he fell completely flat onto the bed. He growled, angrily from the sound of it, as he no doubt crushed his unspent dick against the mattress.

Adam was shaking and barely able to take a breath as he rolled Le Chiffre onto his back and didn't hesitate before impaling himself onto the man's hard cock. Le Chiffre almost doubled over, his hands taking hold of Adam's hips through not attempting to guide him in anyway. Instead they dug into the meat there as Adam started to fuck himself on Le Chiffre.

Le Chiffre was dripping with sweat now and whimpering as Adam told him - "Don't cum. You're not going to cum until I cum again."

To that Le Chiffre groaned and took Adam's spent cock in hand, trying to get him hard again perhaps, but Adam batted it away and shook his head. Not wanting to allow the panther any control in this.

Then he leaned in and bit into the meat of Le Chiffre's shoulder until he drew a little blood.

Le Chiffre near screamed and Adam knew it was because of the ache in his cock, not the pain in his shoulder.

"Don't cum!" Adam warned again as he felt the tension building in the body beneath him. He took his own cock in hand then, working it a little, only a few quick pumps, before it was almost rock hard again. Then he changed the angle he sat at, leaning until he was able to feel the pressure against his prostate. Once there Adam rocked himself on Le Chiffre's cock - hitting that point of pleasure on each shallow thrust until his cock was slapping against his own stomach. Adam felt his second climax welling almost painfully, like pressure building that needed to find some way to explode. He worked himself on Le Chiffre's cock until his own sweat was dripping down to mix with Le Chiffre's.

"Ooo-okay, you… you can cum…" Adam forced out the words despite being practically unable to breath as his orgasm finally forced its way out. His balls tightened painfully and his ass clenched and squeezed as his cum shot up - hitting his chest as well as Le Chiffre's.

Le Chiffre gave an anguished cry and thrust his hips weakly, Adam wondered if the man even could come now. He might have pushed him too far, ridden him past that point. Maybe he should suck him off or…

Adam leaned forward, squishing his cum and their sweat together, and then bit into Le Chiffre's neck.

Le Chiffre jolted and grunted, his hands immediately gripping Adam's ass to the point of pain, as his hips shuddered and Adam felt him spill. His grunt morphed into a relieved moan as his hips spasmed, almost unseating Adam as he came copiously, until Adam could feel it running out of him. At least this time it wasn't all over his tail.

The thought made him chuckle, which in turned tightened his muscles and made Le Chiffre wince.

Adam sighed as he nuzzled into Le Chiffre's neck, licking lightly at the blood swelling from the fresh bite. Le Chiffre finally stilled beneath him, trying to regain his breath but not attempting to move. Adam sighed again, letting his eyes close as he was lulled by the rise and fall of Le Chiffre's chest. He would get up in a minute, maybe they could shower together. In a minute.

Adam barely registered Le Chiffre's arms coming up around him as he drifted off to sleep.

*

When Adam woke the sun was coming in through the window and he rolled over to avoid it. He felt sticky as he moved, the bed felt weird and stank of sex.

His eyes shot open and took in the form of Le Chiffre laying next to him. The sheet was pulled up over them both and he started to remember falling asleep still pleasantly full of the man's cock, but nothing beyond that. Not surprising considering they had pretty much fucked to exhaustion.

Even the thought of all the sex made him sink back and snuggle into his pillow. The movement must have roused Le Chiffre a little, because he stirred - just enough to roll into Adam's space and then nuzzle against him.

Damn, it felt nice.

He was just about to snuggle back into slumber when the apparently awake Le Chiffre pulled him closer and said - "I'd like to see you again. Perhaps for a drink or dinner."

Adam was silent for a moment, trying to ignore the flip in his stomach. Sure he wouldn't mind fucking around with this guy again but… He wasn't good with more than that. "We don't even know each other." He started to protest.

"That is why I suggested a drink or dinner - an opportunity."

"A date?"

"If you like. But I would settle for a more casual arrangement if that is your limit." Le Chiffre added cautiously.

"I… don't know what my limit is." Adam answered. He was snuggled against the guy's chest, they were covered in their own dried sweat, cum and a little blood. And yet… it felt pretty good. Something he never normally did and he found he enjoyed it. But reality came back to him - the shit he always got himself into, always best to keep it to a few fucks then

never see them again. Even if it had been pretty amazing - a level of comfort and enjoyment he'd never had before.

"You don't trust easily, I can see that. I saw that before we met. It was clear from your profile and the short messages we exchanged. I told you before Adam I wanted you. But not just because you look beautiful and the sexual appetite you described in your profile intrigued me. No… I could see in you someone who understand the value of trust and discretion. That attracted me to you more than anything and now… I find myself reluctant to give it up."

In any other tone it might have sounded like a threat, but it didn't. It sounded like a plea and Adam was pretty sure that Le Chiffre had never begged for anything before in his life.

"My name is Jean Duran." Le Chiffre said.

A name Adam immediately recognised. Business mogul, renowned for being cut throat and stoic. He had moved to the US with a somewhat mysterious, murky past and made good through ruthlessness and hard work. He was worth more money than Adam could even fathom.

"Fuck." Adam replied. "You… know I'm a journalist right?"

Le Chiffre chuckled. "I do. It was in your profile and… I had you thoroughly checked out before our… date."

Adam should have felt mad at that, but really what right did an investigative journo for tell all tabloids have to be angry at someone prying?

"This would make one hell of a story." Adam chuckled. "Infamous businessman tries bottoming for a bunny and ends up addicted."

"Is that the story?" He could hear the amusement in Le Chiffre's tone. "Of course, I'm not saying you're incorrect. Though I'm sure my lawyers will when they sue you and any publications stupid enough to print that."

Adam grinned at the sparring. He liked it. He liked Le Chiffre - Jean Duran. Their whole encounter already felt like it had lasted days and when he started to think about the man leaving he found - unlike any other fuck he'd had in his entire life - he wasn't too struck on the idea.

"So… now if this story ever gets out you'll know it came from me and I'll be in big trouble." Adam chuckled again. This fucker was clever - he liked that. Adam let out a sigh and stretched against Le Chiffre, enjoying the feeling of waking next to someone. "I don't think writing this story would be a good way to ensure another date."

He felt the pleased hum rumble through Le Chiffre's chest.

"Perhaps, if you're free today, I'd like to take you to lunch." Le Chiffre told him.

As he looked over at Le Chiffre something caught his eye - an inhaler had appeared during the night on the side table next to where Le Chiffre lay. The visible sign of some small

weakness of the man sent a shiver through him. It felt like that revelation - allowing the weakness to remain there in plain view when he could have kept it hidden from Adam - said more than even being told the man's name. Trust had to go both ways, and Adam found himself willing to allow that for the first time in a great long while.

"Actually… I'd like us to order in whilst we fuck around some more." Adam laughed.

Le Chiffre gripped his chin and angled his face upwards so that Adam could see the man's pleased grin, "You negotiation skills are admirable. I accept those terms."

Adam saw the flash of something thrilling in Le Chiffre's eyes as his mouth devoured Adam's until there was nothing left to do but moan his enthusiasm.

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